

AT LOWER SARANAC

Fashion Penetrates Even This Lovely Wilderness.

BICYCLING IN MAINE WOODS

Proper Gowns for Hunting, Fishing and Lounging.

ALSO MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

(Copyright, 1896, by the Bacheller Syndicate.) LOWER SARANAC, August 21, 1896. Sometimes in these green arches of the woods I hear the mellow "clank! clank!" of a cowbell, and am reminded of the cowbell which Mrs. Frederick Gebhart slung to her four-in-hand in Bar Harbor, just in frolic, before I left that blase place.

Sometimes I see a figure rapidly approaching over a perfect road, wheel- Summer Houses Now Built on the Pagoda mounted, and reminding me of Newport and the wider world less wild, until it comes nearer and I see that it is-of all things unexpected-a woods guide, slouch hat on head, pipe in mouth, pack basket and seventy pounds of camp kit on back, pedaling serenely along, with a frying pan handle sticking out over his shoulder.

Or I hear the beat of hoofs and drum of rolling coach wheels, and think of the carriage parade of Saratoga; or a white gown with blue facings, glinting far through the trees, giving a reminiscent flash of the the city conservatory, has assumed larger proportions this year than ever before. It has always been looked upon as the men of no place in the world save these glorious woods could I be reminded. One point the Adirondacks have of superiority during the last part, at least, of the searon to all other American summer resorts; for the summer house, that rustic substitute for the city conservatory, has assumed larger proportions this year than ever before. It has always been looked upon as the rightful property of the young women in the family—a sort of outdoor parlor for the city conservatory, has assumed larger proportions this year than ever before. It has always been looked upon as the gentlemen find plenty of leisure to cool off during the day, they are willing to "join the dance" with a company of such agreeable young ladies as have been developed by force of circumstances at the many watering places where women is so much in the ascendency. Perthree to one. It is the paradise of the daughters of Eve.

Men Who Stay.

Not the mere Saturday-to-Monday flyaways, mind you, who leave five blue Mondays in their wake every week as they depart, but men who stay. And such men! Here at the Saranac there is a considerable colony of invalids-has been since Robert Louis Stevenson stayed here-but after the 15th of August they are all at once quite outnumbered by the big, manly fellows, in fore-and-aft caps and yellow leggings and belted blouses, with even more than the usual masculine profusion of pockets come to chase the forest deer and "kiil them up," as Jaques puts it. Nowhere else will you see so many fine men at once, save on the Thames just before regatta week, before the crowd of 'Arries appear

It is a wilderness strangely modified. One hundred miles from east to west its magic circle covers, one hundred miles from north to south, like a big, round, green button sewn on mother earth, but it is now thrid by railroads, much of the way running through game preserves, where the unscared fawns poke their noses through the wire fence and gaze wide-eyed at the passing portent; and there are big hotels gaiore, so that even in the heart of the mighty woods the seven-Saratogaed daughter of the sirens can display all her finery. Modern Diana.

The huntress, the fair Diana, who herself shoots deer, is fortunately a rare thing here, oftener read of than seen. But it is a fine thing to don one's hunting gown, and properly chaperoned, of course, go "floating for deer" late at night through black, moorless stretches of water, the boat making no sound, the paddle thrust noisclessly through the water, until at length the dark lantern flashes full on the dun coat and the big startled eyes—and then away flies the deer; for, as I said, the woman Diana sel-

She is sped on her parting for such an adventure by belaced and beribboned mammas and plazza women as nerveless and uselessly splendid here as elsewhere. ich a gown was worn last evening by the anxious, millioned mamma of a daughter who had been ordered by her physician to fall in love, if possible, and who had come to the Adirondacks as the best possible place to fill the prescription. She wore mamma wore, standing on the plazza, fair, forty and not thin-a beautiful dress in pale lilac tone, striped with lace down the skirt and across the skirt and down the corsage and over the sleeves. There were braces of lace on the muslin bodice and the belt of cerise ribbon was the one touch of solid color about it. Such gowns are worn in the widernesses.

Matron and Maid. The two young women, matron and maid

hardly distinguishable, off for the floating expedition were far differently clad. One wore a brown cloth costume with a closecut bodice many buttoned and parting over chamols waistcoat front. The turn-back cuffs were of the same material, and the hat was a quilled Alpine, best suited for woods wear. Just the least touch more elaborate was the young matron's plain blue serge with its white waistcoat front of soft silk, its chamois belt with enamel pendants, its dotted tie, stiff collar and cuffs and sailor hat, but withal a sensible costume in contrast with the other ladies on the verandas. Both the adventurer with all short-skirted costumes, especially here, where briars do abound, and where even the men are beginning to find them a welcome addition to their ordinary costum It is the wilderness, but only twelve hours or so from New York and a week from Paris, and we have evening gowns on parade, fresh from either city, such as one in white satin embroidered in silve sequins, pearls and brilliants, which I par-ticularly noted, because it was extremely short and sharp pointed, because the sleeves were like little short capes of con-siderable circumference, and because an embroidered band followed the line of the decolletage and was upheld by two similar bands over the shoulders, and principally do I record the fact that the skirt was almost as richly decked as the bodice

Fishing and Flirting. But for the most part the swell costumes affected here in the woods are day gowns.

there are marvelous parasols with gemmed handles and wildernesses of lace upon their roofs. There are the new shoes, slightly less pointed than of old, and hence, for the average foot, really smaller in appearance.

The most delightful excuse for flirtation is lake trout fishing. Because if you catch one

lake trout fishing. Because if you catch one he may weigh twenty pounds and make you famous, and if you don't you must row very slowly across only the very deepest parts of the lakes, with a very long line, letting the hook sink well to the bottom, where, in the colder water, the big fellows lurk. And in this slow progression eye can meet eye and—The pickerel fishing on Round lake is said to be very fine, too. to be very fine, too.

And then there is mountain climbing, Mt.

Ampersand being the favorite height from this point, its summit reached by a trail of incredible hardships, but affording one of the loveliest views in the world, of the green forest all around and Ampersand lake at the foot Comes from cityward a bruit that tennis is new voted altogether slow and golf is su-preme. Some of the young people here seem not to have heard of it.

Big hats go with ordinary day gowns, probably always will. I wonder if the young lady who was advised to fall in love will follow the prescription?

ELLEN OSBORN.

FLIRTATIONS IN STRATA

More Than One Story Needed in These Days of Sentimental Boarders.

the lives of high-born maidens; but the air would fairly ring with passion were the walls of the summer house able to tell all they hear. And there would be none of that monotonous conventionality about the stories which is supposed to be characteristic of the city-born suitor. Nowadays there would be a terrible jumble of aristocratic declarations of adoration modified by the influence of the surroundings, and the simple love tales of the rustic swains who come a courtin' to Maria Jane, or Sarah Ann, after the season of summer visitors is past.

The Old Summer House.

Indeed, this is the trouble with the summer house as of old constructed. It isn't made to accommodate as many people as the exigencies of this season demand. There are more people at the country boarding houses and fewer at the fashionable hotels than ever before, because everybody, from the multi-millionaire down, is economizing, each in his own way, and in general there is a higher social class at each boarding house than last year, not because the grade of the house itself has gone up, but for the reason that each particular set has taken one step lower down Before the advent of the city boarder, the young women of the family had no culty in arranging for the occupancy of the rustic parlor; they "took turns" and were satisfied. But since the country has come to be flooded annually with all sorts of people from the cities, the young women have been greatly hampered in the enter-tainment of their friends.

A few enterprising proprietors of country boarding houses have solved the problem by building two or three vine-covered parlors at discreet distances from one another; but this takes up a good deal of the space which might otherwise be available for

ennis or croquet. A New Departure.

The very newest thing in summer house has appeared at the top of one of the Catskill mountains. It is four stories high, with steps like a fire-escape leading up the side. Otherwise it is built exactly like any onestory house of similar character. The top floor has no roof, but only a picket railing, and thus affords an excellent opportunity for star-gazing in the evening, and for view ing the magnificent expanse of fertile fields wooded valleys in the daytime. The top floor is also more exclusive, and is, therefore, more popular. There is frequent-ly a race for it immediately after supper, and the couple that gets there first has pos The next take the third floor, and so on. The house will thus accommodat at least four couples, and very often, when the case has not progressed too far, they occupy the floors in fours or even sixes—and with the addition of mandolins, and guitars and fresh, young voices, they make the air ring with college songs or the popu-lar airs that everybody learns nowadays by sheer absorption. Thus the summer house is made to take the place of the veranda, and, having an exposure all around it is much breezier, and what recommends it even to the older and less hilarious memers of the boarding house colony is the fac that it leaves them in possession of the ver-anda proper, with the noise and chatter of the younger element removed to a distance that lends enchantment to both sides.

Cotton Manufacture in Japan.

From the Edinburgh Scotsman. The progress of the manufacture of cotton goods in Japan has been such during the past three years that it has ceased to take any of the Indian yarn which Bombay used to send it, to the average value of the third of a million sterling every year. Although the tax on cotton ported into Japan was till recently as much as 8 per cent on the value, the Japanmuch as 8 per cent on the value, the Japanese spinner works so long and so conscientiously that he has quite distanced
the Bombay mill owner. Unhapplly, however, he overworks child labor. But Japan
cannot supply its own raw cotton, and its
import from China has failed. Accordingly, a new trade has sprung up in raw cotton from Bombay, which is increasing so
fast that western India is likely to do more
than recoup for the loss of the yarn trade.
The operatives in Japan work night and The operatives in Japan work night and day in two shifts only, every man tolling for eleven and a half hours. The mills turn out from 80 to 40 per cent more yarn per spindle than those of Bombay, and those of Osaka declare dividends of about 20 per cent every year. There are wonderful white costumes and | 20 per cent every year.

Men Are Not So Scarce at the Summer Resorts.

HENCE DRESS PROBLEMS PERPLEX

Some Recent Notions of the Clever Modistes.

TAFFETA AND FEATHERS

(Copyright, 1896, by the Bacheller Syndicate.) T LAST THE NECessary men have materialized at the women's summer hotels and the hop is at its gayest. At Atlantic City and the hop is a state of the hop is a state of the hop is at its gayest. At Atlantic City and the hop is a state of the hop is at its gayest. At Atlantic City and the hop is a state of the hop is at its gayest. At Atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlantic City and the hop is at its gayest. At atlan terialized at the wo-City and other re-sorts along the Ler reat helping of the meat, gravy and potasorts along the Jersey coast dancing has not been popular, because it really isn't interesting for the girls to dance with one another all. sorts along the Jer-

with one another all the time, and the men who go down from the city to the "shore" to stay over Saturday and Sunday prefer a promenade on the board walk and sunday one's plate. prefer a promenade on the board walk to even the maziest of waltzes.

haps, after all, a woman's summer retreat by the sad sea waves, or in the mountain fastnesses and wildernesses, is productive the faucet and let the water run for a moof some good, and man may take what ment, then hold your wrists under the comfort he can from the reflection that he rises in the estimation of the feminine recluse in proportion to the extent of his ab-

An Unfortunate Mortal.

There is no unfortunate mortal so much to be pitied as the one man who finds himself in a company of ladies when he is in duty bound to play the "gallant" to all of them. The ratio of 16 to 1 is probably semewhat exaggerated, but it is not at all unusual to see one lone, lorn man with a half dozen ladies who make life a burden for him if he dares to pay more attention to one than to the rest.

That state of affairs, however, does not

often outlast July, and now the overwork-ed martyr to the gentler sex finds his reward in the opportunity to devote his en-tire attention to the maid of whose amiable qualities he has had ample time to judge

At Newport gaiety began with the appearance of the fleet of the New York Yacht Club, and the subscription ball at the Casino was planned with reference to it. Two elaborate weddings soon to take place will add much to the social excitement. ment. That of Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, which is set for next Tuesday, will doubt-less compensate for the lack of grandeur in her brother's nuptial ceremonies.

Old and New Gowns.

The Saturday night hops grow more and more elaborate as the season gets old, for of what use is a trunk full of summer evening dresses after the calendar has got around to the oyster months again? But the girls are not merely wearing out their old dresses. There must be new gowns for the grand functions upon which the very destiny of many a society belle depends. Debutantes are especially interested, for there are impressions to be made upon more than one notable, of whom perhaps the young Duke of Manchester is the most eligible. The Duchess of Man-chester, being an American woman herself, would be a much more desirable mother-in-law than one of the foreign ladies of noble law than one of the foreign ladies of noble birth whose propensities for disapproval of American manners and customs are often very trying to the heiress whose money may save her noble liege from bankruptcy. A Paris importation which appeared for the first time at a dinner given in honor of Miss Vanderbilt's approaching marriage nad a Louis XVI jacket, showing that the French still cling to their pet fashion. The material was taffeta with pale purple pansies brocaded on a white ground. It was trimmed with old lace, ribbon, purple satin nd miniature buttons circled with jewels. The flaring collar and revers that suggest Elizabeth more than Marle Antoinette, are of white embroidered taffeta, and turn back over a voluminous flounce of old lace that nearly covers the front of the corsage, and passes under the belt, forming tabs that fall over the front of the skirt. The belt is merely a mauve satin ribbon con-necting the sides of the jacket. Ribbon bows and lace flounces form epaulets over the shoulder and compensate for the rather small sleeves.

A real Marie Antoinette costume is the one trimmed with wreaths of roses around the low decolletage. The skirt is of old rose taffeta, and the waist, which is little more than a large fichu, is made of cream-colored mousseline de soi. The Marie Antoinette fichu has two flounces of moussetoinette fichu has two flounces of mousseline, which cross at the waist and hang in
tabs like a sash at the back.

This surplice is very much the fashion
at present and appears on all kinds of
costumes. The street dress has its wrap
of liberty satin and lace crossed in front
like a fichu with one end fastened at the
side with a large bow.

The visiting gown of grenadine over silk
has a surplice vest that crosses at the bust
and then passes underneath the wide belt

has a surplice vest that crosses at the bust and then passes underneath the wide belt that is another feature of the new gowns. This visiting gown has a skirt trimming which will doubtless be much worn next fall. It has a graduated flounce that reaches nearly to the waist in the back, but narrows to about twelve inches in front.

The bertha which was formerly sewed straight around the decolletage is now won't draw the temperance vote.

New Ideas. The bolero jacket is as ublquitous as the surplice trimming, and with its jeweled trimming is decidedly oriental in appearance. It is used on evening gowns as well as street costumes and is made of the filmlest of materials.

whether it be iced or not. If a child wants

a drink of water it is going to have it or

howl, so if you could fix up some kind of

an acid drink that would quench thirst

you might possibly save yourself the

trouble of caring for a sick child later on. Weak, cold tea, slightly sweetened with

sugar, and acid with a slice or two of

lemon, kept in a pitcher in the ice box, is

a good thirst quencher and is easily pre-

tared. A little tartaric acid may be used

in place of lemon in the tea, using a little

sugar. Acid phosphates are excellent also

The idea is to use but little in a large

quantity of water, and the child can drink freely and not hurt itself. Very soon the acid causes one to require less water.

For insomnia you might try pounded ice

in the hot water bag and use it for a pillow. Rather a starting idea, but it really does help some people.

The first thing a woman ought to do when

she designs giving her first dinner after marriage is to instruct her husband how to serve. She should tell him that he is

Sensible mothers teach their daughters

yet lays the foundation for useful, helpful,

When fairly exhausted with heat, go to

stream for five minutes, the water run-ning on the inside of them close to the

palm, where the "pulse" is supposed to be

It will cool you surprisingly. A cloth wet in ice water and bound round your wrists

and one on the top of your head will pro-

Give the little baby a drink of water

two or three times a day this hot weather.

Don't forget the flaxseed when you are

starting on your summer trip. It is in-

valuable for any foreign substance that

Clover-blossom pillows are dainty con

ceptions for hammock or porch pillows. Pick the heads and let them dry in open

paper sacks, then fill the pillow tick with them till it is ready to burst. Cover with

Don't fcol with "freckle" lotions. Freckles come of iron in the blood, which

the sun brings out. You might as well try

Mothers, are you quite sure of the com

pany your girls keep? Are the young men they like best boys of good family and cor-

rect habits? Are they boys of moral stam-ina, with ambitions to be somebody, honest and honorable? Or do they swagger and

smoke and swear, use slang and profane language? Are they "smart Alecs," or quiet and courteous? You will probably save yourselves a good deal of heartache and your girls much sorrow and trouble if

you begin to supervise their companions quite early, and gently but firmly refuse to

The mother who has not tried it can't

imagine how much comfort a picture scrap

book is to a restless child. Save all the in

teresting pictures from the newspapers and collect all the cards you can. Never let a

bright, colored pictured be lost. Take coarse, unbleached muslin for the leaves, making a double page about the size of The

Star, folded once. Hem the edges all around. Put the pictures on with flour

paste, and iron them dry. They will not come off then. Put the folded leaves to-gether, half-dozen in a bunch, and then

with a long, strong darning needle and strong twine fasten them together through

and through. The child can scarcely wear

it out, and if you select your pictures carefully it will become quite an educator.

Pretty colored cambric with pink edges makes a dainty book, but not a useful one,

Don't let a young baby, one under six

months, or even older, stand on its feet if

it is not strong, because it works injury to

the spine and tends to make the child bow-legged. You can correct a tendency to be bowlegged by smoothing and pressing a baby's legs half a dozen times a day. Press

The small housekeeper who has but her-

self and husband to cook for has no idea how much sweeter and nicer corn cakes will taste made of freshly ground or grated corn. It is not a difficult process at this

season of the year. Use a large grater, and select nice sound ears of corn that are well hardened. Sift the meal lightly, and

use as you would old, well-bolted meal. It

Ammonia is a very nice cleaner, when

things are greasy, or very much soiled, but

remember the fumes are very bad for the eyes, destroy the sense of smell if long indulged in, and that a copious use of it will simply ruin the hands. It is true of nearly all cleaning fluids, however, and to save

your hands, you should carefully rinse them, and then rub well with some simple

lotion to counteract the effect of the alka-

A fine soft old silk handkerchief is the

very nicest thing to dust the plane with.

Make a pretty little silk bag to keep it in,

and hang close to the piano, where you can

Teetotalers Will Bolt.

s much richer.

ine substance.

use it at will.

From the Somerville Journal.

One thing is certain-The B.

as it soon becomes soiled.

let them mingle with any but the best.

Feed ice cold, slowly, from a teaspoon.

duce a delicious sensation of coolness.

happy womanhood.

gets in the eve.

brightly flowered chintz.

to plane a knot out of a log.

crossed in frost, especially in the case of LOVE-WHILE YOUWAIT

(Copyright, 1896, by the Bacheller Syndicate.) Mr. Percival S. Garden was a very, or at least he felt he was, a very superfluous man; albeit he had struggled desperately and manfully to disprove his own convic-A white chiffon gown has this jacket ef-A white chiffon gown has this jacket effect produced pin chiffon and jeweled ribbon. The chiffon is made over white satin. Two flounces compose the skirt. The bodice has bands of crystal trimming running up and down front and back, and the decolletage has the same crystal trimming around the edge with a heading of chiffon. The satin sleeves are covered with chiffon embroidered with white in a leaf pattern and headed with enaulets of plain tions on that point. He was standing near to a marble group in the drawing room of the Madison avenue home of the Olivers, his most intimate friends. It occurred to him vaguely that the group might have been Cupid and Psyche, though the matter was not exactly essential to his reflections -rather a shadow hovering about them, as tern, and headed with epaulets of plain chiffon. The jacket is pointed and edged it were a mental neutral tint. He was imchiffon. The jacket is pointed and edged with crystal trimming.

The sash is another favorite of the season, and may be made of the same material as the dress, of satin or Dresden ribbon, or of a gauze material imported especially for the purpose. The sash in the illustration is made of the latter material. It has a striped border of mauve and white satin to match the indistinct pattern in the body of the sash.

Ostrich feather collarettes are preferable to the dainty silk shawl that used to be mediately occupied with the d-d (so he expressed it in the privacy of his mind) foolishness of society, and the deplorable frittering away of precious time, which these sparkling, vacuous bubbles of social diversion induce.

Garden was not a very popular member

"How charmingly ridiculous!"

"That's right. So it is, perhaps, ridiculous, and I shall have to turn in again on my poor old lonely soul—no one understands!"

"But, my dear friend, am I to believe your peculiar theories carry you seriously so far as that?" "I am profoundly in earnest. My affairs of business are so absorbing that I candidly can give no time to love-making."

"Then you deserve never to get a wife, if you cannot sacrifice your business for her. Why, love-making is the best part of a woman's life!"

a woman's life!"
"Enough! I had expected to find in you,
if not a firm believer in my theories, at
least a strong sympathizer. That settles it!
You are the last straw. I shall never marry!

Now here a very singular thing occurred.

Alice, of course, might have turned the conversation into other channels; reministences of old times; experiences in the interval which had elapsed since last they met, an hundred and one other diverting subjects might have been introduced and that would have been the end of it; but, instead, she fell into a meditative mood, illustration is made of the latter material it has a striped border of mauve and white satin to match the indistinct pattern in the body of the sash.

Ostrich feather collarcties are preferable to the dainty silk shawl that used to be to the dainty silk shawl that used to be to the dainty silk shawl that used to be to the dainty silk shawl that used to be to the dainty silk shawl that used to be to the dainty silk shawl that used to be to the dainty silk shawl that used to be to the bottom principally shapped the powder which some girls use to heighten the alabaster tint of their shapely shoulders. The collarcties have high, Elizabethan collars which give quite a majestic appearance to a tail girl and are not unbecoming to the damsel of short stature. Empire fans are growing larger. The little ones were of no sort of use. Neither are the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the limit ones are growing larger. The little ones were of no sort of use. Neither are the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but there look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but there large ones, for that matter, but there large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but there large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but there are growing larger. The little ones were of no sort of use. Neither are the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, for that matter, but they look as if they might be, and the large ones, pendering upon the subject at hand, fas-cinated by its very brilliant, though ob-



"I HOPE YOU DO NOT BELIEVE I COULD HAVE BEEN SO ABSURD."

Some one plucked his sleeve. It was his hostess.

"You remind me very much," said Mrs. Oliver, "of a statue I once saw of Achilles, I think it was. Why this heroic abstractedress?"

Garden had not yet shaken off his embarrassment when she put an end to it prettily, sparing him the additional confusion of an explanation.

"Come, let us descend to things more substantial than dead heroes, if not less "With every evident outward complacency.

"Good!" said he. "I should say: 'And now, if you will excuse me, I shall speak with your father. He is here, I understand." Then, taking out his watch, "It is now fifteen minutes of ten. Where is your father?"

"I think he is—" and never until her dying day shall she understand how these words escaped her with such perfect inconsequence—"I think he is in the library with Mr Oliver."

substantial than dead heroes, if not less poetical. I have a pleasant surprise in tore for you."

"Indeed! "Yes. Let me fetch you to an old friend Then when they were alone, said Garden to Alice Coates: "I can assure you I am heartily glad to

see you again, Miss Coates.' "You may call me Alice, as you did be-fore I went abroad," said the petite, charming girl with whom Mrs. Oliver had left him, and then, mischievously, "though you may not chuck me under the chin as you did then, because I am quite a young lady now, you see."

"Dear me, yes, quite a young lady. Do you remember our chats; when we used to poke fun at the courtly old dames at your nother's affairs? I have never found congenial company since you went abroad and have quite gone out of society entirelyecome a kind of commercial anchorite."
"How fortunate you are! But, then, you never really cared for society, did you?"
"No, indeed, nor did you. Are your ideas inchanged. Alice?"

"Well, in a way. I still think, as you used to say, the world would be better off if there were not this terrible trifling with precious time. Yet-and I know you wil pardon me-I am surprised to find you sin-



"Mr. Garden, don't be so foolish." gle. Is it possible there has been no one charming enough to break through the ves, I shall say it-pessimistic ice of your

"No one, indeed. But, though, I will not be so vain as to say it is entirely, will be bold enough to say to my old fidante, it has been largely due to the fact that I have not had the time to devote to love-making. And, you know, it takes a great deal of gadding about before a man may even evidence his affection slightly." "Now, don't you think yourself that the

conventional woolng is a very lamentable sacrifice of time?" "If the woman in me concludes, no; but if I persevere along strictly common sens

baby's legs half a dozen times a day. Press the bow in by massage, and by holding the leg firmly just below the knee and above the ankle and bending it back. Be easy but firm in the matter, and the child will not notice it. You will save your bowlegged child much mortification in after years if you will but do this. lines, perhaps, yes."
"How charming you are! Jove! you have not changed a jot, Alice, since your hair has been turned up and you have donned the harness of social slavery. But, to con-tinue our subject: I honestly think this business of love and marriage might be expedited, for instance, in the commercial way. A man comes into my office with a proposition that is almost as important to ne as a marriage, for it affects my life af fairs very radically. I might even say it is scmetimes irrevocable, while with marriage there is always the divorce court. I should like to give a year's serious thought to his proposition, but it cannot reasonably be done. He wants an answer that same day, immediately, if possible. True, I take, say half an hour or an hour to turn the matter over in my mind, and view it in every light. As a rule, in that length of time I am come at a satisfactory conclu-sion. Now, if I could but find a woman to whom I might say: 'Here, let us expedite ness of love making over with immediately

> "How unique!" interrupted Miss Coates beaming.
> "Of course, it should be some one with whom one is rather well acquainted—as, for instance, you and I—"
> "Mr. Garden!"

and come to the point without further

"There, there; you see, heresy will crop out even in an old adherent! Let me continue. I take out my watch this way and say: 'It is just 10 o'clock now, Alice. I love you very dearly! Will you marry me tonight, right away?"

which) with his glasses, and, said he:

"There are times when even the fine passivity of a marble group is not the least desirable state. Had I the lamp of Aladdin I should desire instantly to be transformed into a statue of—well, let me reco."

The was his tried to say this with equipoles and admirable insipldity, her face flushed in spite of her efforts, and her heart throbbed with much violence. Garden throbbed into a statue of—well, let me and became himself very much excited; yet with every evident outward complacency.

The was his

with Mr Oliver."
Garden arcse, and putting the watch back into his pocket made as to go away. Miss Coates caught his sleeve. She was trembling, and the smiles had died out of her face. Said she: "Oh, Percy!-I mean Mr. Garden-don't be so foolish! He will think you are insane."

He drew the sleeve away gently, "Be care ful, Alice," said he. "We are attracting attention. Don't make a scene.' The next moment he was gone, and in a daze of excitement and confusion Alice hurried to the conservatory and dashed in

among the palms.
When Garden stalked into the library, bold as you please, he found Alice's father and Jack Oliver smoking and chatting listlessly. The first thing he did was to whip out his watch and poise it in the palm of his hand. Then said he: "Major Coates, I have just proposed to

your daughter and she has accepted me Are you willing we should be married to-The cigar fell from the lips of the major and he looked in blank amazement first upon

his interrogator then upon Oliver with slight questioning aspect in the last glance. Oliver burst out a-laughing, and the major turned again to Garden, helplessly, and said; "Percy, my boy, have you lost your

"True," the other answered, drawing a chair up to the table, this requires some explanation and justifiable waste of time, doesn't it?"

Then he went into every detail of the con versation between himself and Alice, as well as exploiting, incidentally many of his view: of life which bore directly, and some even which had no bearing at all, upon the subject at present of vital interest. Then, after he had finished, he took out his watch impatiently to note the time that had been thus recklessly expended in the recital.
"Gad," said Coates, looking across to
Oliver. "There's considerable sound sense
in what he says."

"Now, this is my plan," continued Garden There is a clergyman here, Dr. Van Every. See how beautifully everything fits! Olive here has power to issue marriage licenses, and as for witnesses, that need not be men-"But Alice?" said the major. "I cannot

believe she is a party to such wild plans!" "Oh, yes, I know she will be agreeable! answered Garden. "She has said so."



Will you away ?"

"Yet I am sure she shall have changed her mind by this time. She has had time to think it over collectively. I'll go find her." "No," put in Oliver, rising. "Let me do Garden had placed his fob upon the table

and playing a tattoo with his fingers to ously on the crystal of the watch, he said: "I'll give you just three minutes, Jack." Now the major looked Garden over care-fully and the other returned his scrutiny with signal seriousness, much as he have looked out of an earnest commercial disputation upon another business man with whom he was discussing some fine point in mercantile ethics. It occurred to the major in a fumbling, bewildering fashion that this was a state of affairs of which he had often sanguinely dreamed-but never, Heaven, no! never with such unheard of precipitancy. Garden was even then exceptionally wealthy, and with his tireless devotion to money getting no man might estimate what would be the end. His own (the major's) affairs were rather precarious condition, although few knew of it. And, indeed, he had closed the city house, sold the country place and sent Alice off for a protracted visit with his deceased wife's relations in England, in orde that he might get a breathing space in which, if possible, to retrieve his declining fortunes. He had always had Garden in his mind's eye for Alice; for he had always admired the fellow's sterling qualities,

Then the grl had always entertained a fondness for Garden, looking upon him; since childhood, with the veneration and confidence of a brother—for she had no brother nerself. The major had certainty expected they would marry in moments of exaltation; but what nonsense, to think of such a proceeding! What would the world say?

At this period of his reflections Olives as

At this period of his reflections Oliver re-turned with Alice upon one arm and his wife upon the other. Jack himself was smiling blandly, Mrs. Oliver seemingly semewhat amused, but Alice was a picture of levellest indignation

somewhat amused, but Alice was a picture of lovellest indignation.

She addressed herself first to the major:
"My dear father, I hope you do not believe I could have been so absurd."
"H'm!" said the major, in which utterance there hovered the very ghost of an inflection of disappointment. "I thought you did not consent, certainly. How could I think otherwise? But that fact does not reflect upon Percy's theories. I think they are very admirable."

Garden thrust his fob into his pocket.
"Oh, dear!" said he. "I see one has to be conventional. It is part of the primordeal curse!"

deal curse?"

This remark of Garden's seemed to have the effect of dispersing the little party; perhaps on account of its embarrassing pathos. Again, it may have been a conspiracy, or merely a desire to avoid the scene which Alice's cold, impersonal glance toward Percy very surely indicated. Her eyes were upon the carpet when the others stole quietly out. She seemed gathering from its dim scarlet flowers the secret fires of her scorn, under which Garden must presently wince. When at length she looked up and found the others were gone—all save Percy—a singular look of helpdeal curse!" -all save Percy-a singular look of help-lessness came into her eyes. Instinctively

lessness came into her eyes. Instinctively (it must have been) they sought Garden. He was still sitting with his face buried in his hands. "Well," she said to herself, "how lonely he must be after all!"

Just then Garden looked up.

The action was fatally exact. A moment later, a moment sooner, and all might have been different perhaps. Garden seemed conscious of its fateful opportuneness, nor was he slow to take advantage of it. Hurrying over to Alice, he caught her hands impulsively, while she was still in that dawn-like thrall when a woman's mystic self is revealed to her for the first time absolutely.

solutely.
"Oh," said she, dazedly, drawing away from him. "You were not in earnest, "No, perhaps not, Alice; but what mat-ters it? We have but taken time by the forelock, haven't we, dearest?" The rest is conventional. It was the old, The rest is conventional. It was the old, old story, and Percy's pseudo-commercial compact was sealed after a fashion that may be traced back to the beginning of things.

JOSEPH NEVIN DOYLE.

NEWPORT ON THE WANE

The Test of Wealth Proves a Heavy Handi-

Snap Shots at Noted Leaders of Society as They Relax by the Sea.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. OCEAN HOUSE, Newport, Aug. 20, 1896. Newport, the imaginative picture of the great beyond, with its mansions not of gold, but of grandeur, combined with nat-

ural endowments, escapes being perfect only by the power exercised by wealth and the broken family ties. The glory of Newport, gauged by past seasons, is on the wane. Chauncey Depew on a recent visit said: "There have been many things to depress the season this year. And, so far as can see, the season is a dull one. There are a few balls and other social affairs, but the gayety which characterized the past is no more. This, I believe," he continued, "is largely due to the depression in busi-ness circles."

ness circles."

The animated talk is of the future. The presence of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, who will wed Gertrude Vanderbilt on the 25th, is a source of pleasant comment. Miss Vanderbilt is one of the most richly engoved women in America.

The Breakers, situated on the cliffs, with

its magnificent expanse of ocean view, is ever a source of interest to strangers. It even more so now, as Mr Corne Vanderbilt lounges in an easy chair, with pillowed back, and grows stronger with the creathing of the salt air. He is hourly en-ertained by some of the business men who run over to watch his progress in health. The estate, with its commanding views, is being interestedly discussed this season. Mrs. Hugh Paget is disappointing the people of Newport, who expected entertainments on a larger scale with the addition

of the fine ball rooms in this season's cot-The Brices have already embarked on the gay world. Their recent musicale was not unl'ke similar affairs given in Washing-ton. Miss Kate Brice is one of the popular lancers at the Casino; also Miss Clapp of Washington. A curious incident happened last Monday at the Casino. Several fair maidens whose faces and not their papas' gold served as their fortunes attempted to join in the dance. Hardly had they taken their places before there was a dividing line drawn. They were left to decide whether to leave or make themselves conpicuous by having the floor to themselves. It is hardly necessary to add that they has-tened to conceal crimson faces back of losed doors. Such is Newport and the in-

fluence of the gold question in the feminine world. The Right Hon. O'Beirne of the British embassy is here for the season. Count M. de Meek and his beautiful wife of the Russian legation are enjoying a short stay n Newport.

Senator Chandler of New Hampshire, who ias been here at the Ocean House, is now on the Dolphin with Secretary Herbert.

The yacht being built for Tony Drexel in Clyde, Scotland, will be christened Marguerite, and in its elegance will be ern palace. Already plans are made for the cruise.

Miss May Van Alen was presented to the

social world at a ball given at the English castle, "Wakehurst," Tuesday. Miss Van Alen has only lately returned from abroad. where she has been pursuing her studies in Italy. While a girl of wealth, she is not the typical pampered child of fortune. She is medium height, with a figure indicat-ing health, rather than beauty of outline. Her golden hair is worn low and brushed away from her forehead. Her rounded face glows with health and her sparkling brown eyes are expressive. With the added charm of millions this heiress will not long remain in the eligible field. The Van Alengetste be correctly that of the Cornelius estate is opposite that of the Cornelius Vanderbilts. A high stone wall gives it an ir of English seclusion. Miss Josephine Brooks, who makes her

debut Saturday, is a beautiful young wo-man. She is blessed not only by millions on her mother's side, but by wealth which she will receive from the Higginses, Young Alfred Vanderbilt passed here the other day on horseback. He wore English boots and a light mixed coat and trousers. He is not strikingly unlike other men at nineteen, with slight physique, even though the supposed heir of the vast Vanlerbilt estates.

Mrs. Potter Palmer called at the hotel Mrs. Potter Paimer called at the hotel yesterday. Her delicate beauty was enhanced by a gown of faint lilac-shaded silk, the bodice trimmed with Duchess lace across the shoulders. Pink roses nodded on her broad straw hat, which was also adorned with clusters of lilacs. She was accompanied by Miss Julia Grant, daughter of Fred. Grant, who, with Miss Victoria Sartoris, is a guest for the season. Miss Grant is a tall brunette and dresses with a pronounced individual taste George Alfred Townsend is at the Ocean House. He is hard at work during

the day, but in the evenings may be seen luxuriating in the breezes from the sea.

Hard Times on the Farm. From the New York Herald. Farmer Reaper-"Hello, Waters! Fine weather this.

Waters (the dairyman)-"Yes, very fine; out if we don't have some rain pretty soon don't know what I shall do for milk."

A Twentieth Century Babe. From the Fliegende Blatter.

